

Use Plenty of Vegetables While You Can Is Mrs. Wilson's Idea for Sunday Menu

Green Peppers Give a Zest to Corn Pudding, and Cucumbers Are Attractive When Fried in Bread Crumbs. Salmon Prepared With Cheese

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

THE spicy odor of the canning and preserving still fill the air and while the stable air still billows with the garden truck, I feel that it would be well to plan a Sunday menu that utilizes these products.

If you like to go to church or just loaf around the house on Sunday or perhaps you like to spend the September days in the park or woods, then much of the cooking that is necessary for this menu can be prepared and done on Saturday.

Market early. A personal choice of food is better while it is still fresh, the air and surroundings have not had a chance to dry it out, nor is it covered with a sheet of dust. This personal marketing gives the biggest returns for the money spent.

- Suggestive Menu for Three Meals for Sunday BREAKFAST Cereal and Cream Omelet Corn Mash Brown Potatoes Toast DINNER Baked Corn Pudding in Green Peppers Sweet Potatoes Banana Fritters SUPPER Salmon au Gratin Cookies

The market basket will require two pounds of grapes, three bananas, one-half dozen ears of corn, one-quarter quart of tomatoes, five green peppers, one quart of sweet potatoes, two cucumbers, small head of cabbage, one dozen eggs, one-quarter pound of bacon, one egg of salmon, cheese, butter, eggs, coffee, and usual weekly staples.

Corn Omelet New England Style—Grate the corn from three ears and then place in a saucpan and add two tomatoes, peeled and chopped fine, and

One tablespoon of finely minced parsley. One teaspoon of grated onion. Cook slowly until quite dry and then season. Now place in a bowl

Four tablespoons of milk. Two tablespoons of fine breadcrumbs. Beat to mix thoroughly and then place four tablespoons of bacon fat in a skillet and when smoking hot pour in the omelet. Lift from the bottom with a spatula as it cooks and when omelet is dry, spread over the prepared corn. Fold and roll and then turn on a hot plate and garnish with fried tomatoes.

Chilled Slices of Cucumbers With Onions Grate two onions and place in a small plate and add

One tablespoon of mayonnaise. One tablespoon of grated cheese. Spread the tomato with prepared mixture and dust lightly with paprika and serve ice cold.

Baked Corn Pudding in Green Peppers Select peppers that will stand nicely. Cut a slice from the top and remove the seeds, then fill with cold water. Now grate corn from four ears and then place in a mixing bowl and add

Three eggs. Two-thirds cup of milk. One-half cup of fine breadcrumbs. Four tablespoons of flour. One teaspoon of salt. One-half teaspoon of white pepper. One teaspoon of grated onion. Three tablespoons of finely minced parsley.

Now drain and place the peppers in custard cups and fill with prepared corn mixture. Sprinkle with little grated cheese and bake in a moderate oven, until nicely browned on top, usually half hour, then lay over each pudding two strips of bacon which have been knicked along the edges to prevent curling.

Saute Cucumbers The fried cucumber makes a splendid vegetable. Pare the cucumbers and cut in slices about one-half inch thick. Season and roll in flour, then dip in beaten egg and milk and then roll in fine breadcrumbs. Fry until golden brown in hot fat. Place in oven to finish cooking for ten minutes.

Banana Fritters Place in a mixing bowl One egg. Three-quarters cup of milk. One-half teaspoon of salt. One and one-half cups of flour.

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Gay Motifs Enliven Conventional Crepe



By CORINNE LOWE

No matter to what other society she pledges herself, she will probably belong to the Sisterhood of Crepe. For regulation dinner frock or for the slightly more elaborate model required by the informal evening festivity, some member of the crepe family is the wisest choice of the college girl.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE Common People

By R. RAY BAKER

MRS. JOHN MASON ran the household. She was the carina of the domain encircled by the hedge that hid the palatial home, and her subjects were her husband, her stepson Henry and her daughter Gloria. Not that she ruled with cruelty; far from it.

But Mrs. Mason had come of a high-up social set and she brought ideas with her. John Mason had democratic notions, but he was too busy taking in the sheets to interfere in social affairs, and he let her have her way. Gloria would grow up imbued with this class consciousness and probably be a snob, because she would be taught that deference was her due from the common herd. Of course she was too young now to evidence any such tendencies, for she was not quite twelve months old, but her mother would see to it that she became cognizant of her high position in life.

Henry Mason was inclined, like his father, to be—well, not exactly a plebeian, but you might say free of social fetters. His father always had been rich, but Henry had not considered that as changing his blood from red to blue. In fact, he much preferred the red sort. But Henry believed in keeping peace, so he yielded to his stepmother's suspicions, or appeared to when about her.

One day while Gloria lay sleeping

Mrs. Mason sat at a side window and watched two persons walking in the lot next door. She could see them through the hedge and she was sniffing disdainfully. The two persons were a motherly looking woman and a pretty girl, rather plainly attired.

"There are our new neighbors," observed Mrs. Mason with a toss of her head. "They appear to be inspecting our hedge. I trust it meets their approval. If it does not, of course, we shall be obliged to cut it down."

"That's what your father gets for buying next to a small lot with a run-down house on it. Common people are bound to take advantage of such a situation. Your father should have purchased that place too, Henry, in order to protect us."

Henry, also looking out the window, grinned somewhat ruefully. "I guess the new neighbors won't bother us," he solaced. "Mrs. Kinden and her daughter are not dangerous."

"So you know their names?" exclaimed Mrs. Mason, with a touch of irony. "Probably you have been over to call on them."

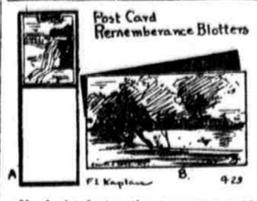
"No, I have not," replied Henry, more truthfully. "I should be glad to do so, though, if I thought Theda would welcome me."

Mrs. Mason's eyes flashed. "Theda! Let me see, that's the girl you were so fond of before I stepped in and prevented your losing your senses, wasn't it? Seems to me she was your nurse when you had that operation. So she has followed you out here in order to make a match for herself, has she? Seems to me the nurse they weave themselves about the hearts of their patients, and the first thing you know the patient is gone. Even social distinctions are sometimes disregarded. It seems to me you should know her place, the same as any other servant."

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Things You'll Love to Make



No doubt that during the summer you received many pretty postcards from dear friends. A nice way to keep them is to make some POSTCARD REMEMBRANCE BLOTTERS. Two designs are shown to make "A." Cut several blotters one-half inch wider and twice as long as the card. Paste the card on the top blotter. Fasten the blotters together with a bow of ribbon. For "B," cut the blotters the same size as the card. Use the postcard as the cover. Hold the card and blotters together with a paper fastener. These POSTCARD REMEMBRANCE BLOTTERS look handsome on a desk.

penitently at the pair on the other side of the hedge. A few nights later the Mason household was aroused by Gloria, who was suffering convulsions. The telephone was out of order and the family car was laid up for repairs, while Mr. Mason had sold his business roadster and had not yet invested in a new one.

Mrs. Mason was helpless. She knew about as much concerning the care of children as a rabbit knows about astronomy. And convulsions are dangerous. Gloria lay on her bed, her limbs jerking, half unconscious, while the members of the Mason household rushed frantically about accomplishing nothing.

"Do something. Do something!" shrieked the mother, nearly in hysterics. "Call in the neighbors—only do something! Call in that Kinden girl, Henry. Perhaps she'll do something for you."

Henry ran through the hedge and did as suggested. In a moment Theda appeared, having hastily dressed. "Give her some medicine!" wailed

The Short-Skirt Contest

"There's a whole cabinet full of it, but I don't know what to use!" "No medicine," said Theda. "A mustard bath is the thing."

Accordingly a hot mustard bath was prepared and the now unconscious infant was thrust into it by Theda. Gloria was dipped repeatedly into the solution until she opened her eyes, pale and weak, but with the convulsions gone. Theda administered other treatment and the infant was put to bed to sink into a peaceful sleep.

Grateful Mrs. Mason threw aside her social reveries. Still on the verge of hysteria, she clasped Theda in her arms and sobbed on the girl's shoulder. "You saved her life," she cried repeatedly. "But for you Gloria would now be dead!"

The other members of the family were no grateful if not as demonstrative. Mr. Mason wanted to pay Theda for her services, but the latter spurned all offers. "It's nothing I wouldn't do for anybody," she said. "I'm glad my knowledge has proved useful."

From then on Mrs. Mason was a changed person. "Common people" ceased to be words of her vocabulary. The two evenings following the professional call of Theda the doctor of the Mason household sat at the side window in company with her stepson. Through the hedge they could see Mrs. Kinden and her daughter spading ground for a flower garden.

"Henry," said Mrs. Mason, "I wish you would go calling with me this evening."

"Calling on whom?" "On our next-door neighbors. I've lost a lot of my ideas of class distinction. I've discovered that sometimes the people I have looked down on are the more useful classes, and it's the useful folk that improve the world. If you will go with me I'll call on Mrs. Kinden and you may talk with Theda, and—and you can say anything you wish to her. In fact, I'd be glad to have her for a daughter-in-law—if you still feel the same way about her."

With alacrity Henry found her wrap and his cap. "Well, just give me the opportunity, that's all."

It was bound to come. There being so little business these days to annoy the country over were forced to seek some means of occupying their time. And so the new, thrilling pastime was born. We refer in these few vague, vacuous and totally inadequate remarks to the skirt-climbing contests now raging in every office in the land. Take our own office, for instance. (Go to it.) For a while all the girls were ankle to ankle, so to speak, in the short-skirt race. And then, one morning Rose came down with two more inches lopped off her skirt. All that day the rest of the girls were so mortified they couldn't even loaf. The next morning all of them came down with skirts cut off as high as Rose's—all except Gertrude. Hers was another inch higher.

It was Rose's turn to bite her lips and turn pale. But Rose is game. The next morning all the rest of the girls came down with skirts as high as Gertrude's. All except Rose. Hers was two inches higher. Then Alice got into the game, which was hardly fair, for Alice has a road clearance comparable to that of a giraffe, while Rose is built down close to the ground like a lawn mower or a carpet sweeper. Well, for a week Rose and Gertrude and Alice were calf and calf, and then Rose gained another two inches. Alice saw her two and raised her one, Gertrude

trude stuck. Rose raised her another. The contest is still on. Nobody in the office works any more. They have even stopped pretending to work. An order came in yesterday by mistake and it hasn't been picked up yet. A meeting of the board of directors was held this morning. It was voted that all the stockholders be invited into the office and allowed to watch the contest among Gertrude and Rose and Alice. "We owe it to them," said the president. "They have their money invested in this business and are entitled to everything worth while connected with it. Is this contest worth while, I ask you?" Chorus of directors: "Oh, boy!"

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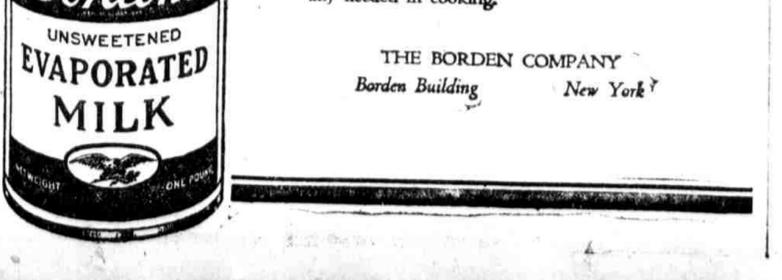
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